

# THE CHURCH AND THE INDIANS.

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OFFICE OF THE INDIAN COMMISSION,  
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, 30 BIBLE HOUSE, N. Y.

LETTER FROM THE REV. J. J. ENMEGAHBOWH.

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THE DEATH OF CHIEF I. H. TUTTLE.

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WHITE EARTH RESERVATION, MINN.,  
*January 13, 1874.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR : Permit me to have a little talk with you in the way of writing. I am not going to talk about our humble work at this time. The news that I am going to tell you about is a very sad news to us, and to me very particularly. It is the death of that noble Christian Chief, *Nabun-ashkong*, called Isaac H. Tuttle, who expired on the second of this month.

Four years ago, I believe, his portrait with his war costume was given in HOME AND ABROAD. When his death was announced, it was a sad and a gloomy day to my people—like the children of Israel when they mourned over the death of their leader, Moses.

I have lost dear little ones, too ; but I must say that I never before was so much afflicted as in the loss of my beloved brother in CHRIST. I was and am like a child, saying, like Elisha of old, “My father, my father,” and asking God to give us the double portion of his noble spirit. Tuttle was indeed our hope, our leader, and our comfort, in the days of our trials. The one who was able to guide us has fallen, and I am disheartened, and it seems to us that we never can be comforted.

The only comfort and the only rest we must find in the words of Him Who never fails to comfort His poor Servants. “Go on, go on with your work, and I will be with you.”

Permit me to say one or two words about him before he was brought to the knowledge of JESUS Whom he so dearly loved.

*Hole-in-the-Day* was a head Chief of the Chippewa Nation, and was considered one of the bravest war chiefs of his people. To choose him a warrior, he must select one of the best and bravest of warriors. He selected Tuttle, and he ranked next to himself, and, in the course of few years, by his daring exploits and successful warfare, he was made a Chief over fifty warriors, or one hundred and sixty souls.

After he was appointed as a Chief, he felt more interest and sought more for the good of his people, and gradually gained the confidence of his people. His counsels and advice at all times were considered of much impor-

tance. On one occasion, when *Hole-in-the-Day*, the head Chief, proposed to have nothing to do with the Missionary, but to go on with their heathen religion, he objected to it strongly, and said, "No, no; let the Missionaries come among us, and let them teach and do their duty. Let us try them with unprejudiced minds. If we find anything to the disadvantage of our people, then it will be time to say to the Missionaries that we do not want their Services amongst us." When the Chiefs, warriors, and head men heard this, they gave their general assent. Though individually caring but very little about the Missionaries, he said this for the good of his people generally.

In the Summer of 1861, I invited him to have a little talk about his people and their condition generally. I ask him, "*Nabunashkong*, tell me plainly, and tell me as a friend, what is your hope for your people? You know as a Nation we are fast sinking. Your country and your hiding places tell you, soon or later you will in one day be swept away from the face of the earth. And besides, a strong pressure is now upon our people. This great Continent will be peopled by a higher class of Nation—far stronger and more powerful than our chiefs and warriors were. And this great and mighty movement of the Palefaces has already taken place, and has gone forward like some great tidal wave, sweeping through to our beloved land and country. Now, *Nabunashkong*, tell me plainly, what is your future hope for our people?"

For a few moments, he said not a word. I know he was in deep study to find an answer.

"My friend," he said, "I never thought of these things and never cared to trouble myself about them. The most I thought of was how to take scalps and to follow the war-paths. But, my friend, these things, and the questions you have asked me, are questions of great importance and questions to think of all the time."

Again I ask him, "*Nabunashkong*, only one question more. Can you say that you love and pity your people, that you seek their interest and welfare? If so, what provision are you preparing for them?"

"Yes, my friend, I love and pity my poor people. I seek their interest. I have made no provision for them but this war-club and the scalping knife. I have defended them day and night. Why? Because I love them. My fathers have conquered much land and country. My fathers have driven the enemy away from this country I now occupy, and sealed their lives for this country I now enjoy, and I will follow the brave steps of my fathers and will seal my blood for my country and people."

"But, my friend," I said, "there is a far better and more efficient way to defend your people, without your war-club and scalping knife. It is to have Missionary to tell you about the GREAT SPIRIT, to teach you how to worship Him, and, when you die, go to *ish pe ming*."

"Yes," he said, "my fathers have taught me, that, when a Red man dies,

he goes direct to the great Hunting Ground, beyond the setting sun, which the Great Spirit had prepared for them. Some time ago," he continued, "a Grand Medicine man became a Christian. He died, and started to go to heaven. He reached at the gate near where the Great Spirit was. The Great Spirit told him that no praying Red men are allowed to go to heaven. He started to come down, and started to go to the great Hunting Ground. He reached there. Some one met him at the gate and told him that he had been a praying man, that he could not come to the beautiful Ground. He started back, and came to life, and told the wonderful stories of what he saw and heard, and warned all the Indians throughout the whole country never to become praying men and women. And for this, as well as the instructions received of my fathers, I hope I shall never turn to a praying man. But, at the same time, I shall not prevent Missionary from entering into our country, and if my people want to become Christians, I shall not prevent them, nor discourage them; but as to myself, I hope I shall never be one. I am too much of a man to stoop down so low like a woman; and besides, to cut my long hair locks would be a disgrace to myself and to my standing."

I must hasten to be brief. Six years ago, when he started for this unknown country, he came to see me and ask my advice on the subject. I told him, "Arise and go; and that was the best thing his people can do." The day was named when his Band and others should start, and bid goodbye to their beloved land and country. *Hole-in-the-Day* and a few of his warriors got ready to stop the movement, and made war dances before Chief Tuttle, and threatened that the first man whoever moved one step toward the new country was a dead man. The day arrived when all should move. Tuttle had put on all his war costume, with feathers waving on his head, and led the moving caravan—four hundred in number. *Hole-in-the-Day*, with his warriors, had already posted on the road where Tuttle should pass. Tuttle, when he saw them, walked with firm steps before them, and passed unmolested. And when this was over, his people almost kissed him, and said, "Our leader! Our leader!" and his people loved him more and more.

I must hasten. I overtook them at their first encampment, and told Tuttle that it was uncertain whether I should follow them: previous to this I had made up my mind, that I would not take a step towards White Earth while *Hole-in-the-Day* was a living man, for I know he was a man of blood and that he never would give a peace to Tuttle and his people until he carry out his wicked project against them. Tuttle grasped my hand, and that occasion I never shall forget.

About four months after Tuttle started, *Hole-in-the-Day* was assassinated by his own people, and in about two weeks I was ready to bid my last farewell to the land and country I loved so well, and started to follow the steps of Tuttle. I started with my own caravan which consist of three ox-teams, and with all my war implements always ready for any case of

emergency. When the Chiefs heard I had started for White Earth, Chiefs Tuttle, Wright, Washburn, Twing, and a few of their warriors, started to meet me. As we were trudging along peacefully on the beautiful prairie, between what is now called Palmer and Otter Tail City—this was then a wild country, Otter Tail was only inhabited by a few half-breeds—as I said, as we were walking on peacefully, all at once we saw half a dozen horses in full gallop, men on the horses, feathers waving on their heads, making towards us. Sure I said, as the Mainites would say, “*goner!*” My hairs all stood straight up, and shook like the leaves, for my wife and children. We thought they were Sioux. Imagine how we felt. The war-whoop, and how to wield my implements of war of flesh, I have not learned. As they approached near and nearer, we saw them, they are our friends! Chief Tuttle took and grasped both of my hands, and said he was as glad as man can be to see me.

This was late in the Fall of 1869. To hold my public Services, there was no place to be found. Chief Tuttle first offered his house to use for that purpose. All who desired to come to our Services were not able to find room in the house. For three years we have held our Services from house to house, and in the Summer had them in the open air, or under the shade of the beautiful trees.

I must here omit his own words, what he said, about his faith, his hope, and his Grand Medicine, and go on to give you a little of his experience, preparation, and his hard struggles, when he gave himself up to the GREAT SPIRIT.

On one occasion, when we were alone together, I told him plainly his duty, to stand among his brethren, and to come at once and openly renounce his heathenism; that this was the only hope and salvation of his people.

“Yes,” he said, “I am fully aware of that. I am preparing for it. I do not want to go into it, half-hearted, and unprepared for the great battle, When I wanted to follow the war-path, I have never gone unprepared. I studied and imagined the hard battle before me—if I turn back from the enemy while the battle is going on, my warriors will laugh at me and say that I was no brave, nor to be trusted. From what I have understood from you, and what little I have learned, the ways of the GREAT SPIRIT are far greater warfare to be engaged in than those hard battles I have won. Hence, due preparation is important. The battle to be fought is not only one day, or one year, but all the days of my life.” Yesterday, he said, was the most hard struggle he ever experienced—it was about cutting his long hair locks. Well may he feel proud of them, for the only chief and warrior who had the longest hair braided down to his shoulders.

So, the following Friday, he called on me again. His mind was troubled; that I could see plainly. I lost no opportunity, but pointed to him the SAVIOUR Who came to die for him. He went home. Early, Saturday, he came in again with scissors in his hand. “Your last advice about God’s

love," he said, "has troubled me much. If the GREAT SPIRIT has so big a love for poor Indian, surely Indian ought and must give back big love to the GREAT SPIRIT. Now, dear brother," he said, "to be true to return my big love to the GREAT SPIRIT, I brought this scissors, to have you cut my hair locks which I shall throw away for ever."

I took him away from the house, and this he requested: when it was all over, he took wild, and threw his head in every direction, to see if any one coming to see him. I smiled, and pitied him greatly. "Friend," he ask, "what made you smile?" I said: "You look precisely like the baboon I saw at Barnum's Museum in New York, some years ago." "O friend," he said, "do not discourage me! My experience during the past night has been great. I am in earnest. I want to count every step as I go along. God being my helper, I will be a Christian all the days of my life."

On Saturday the news spread like the wind that the great war Chief had cut his hair locks, and was to receive Baptism the following Sunday. Early, before the hour of prayers, half-breeds, wild men and women, and Christian Indians, have already arrived, to see *Nabunashkong* receive Baptism. Before his baptism took place, he ask permission to say a few words to his brethren. I gave him the permission, and will only say in few words what he said to his brethren. "Brothers!" he said, throwing his hand over his head, "You all know my past life; how I have led you to the war-path; how I have loved and defended you, day and night, in time of danger. To-day I have made up my mind fully to worship God all the days of my life. I rise before you all to lead you to the battle in the cause of God. I ask you all to follow and join me as you have done heretofore. My fellow-chiefs and warriors, come! Come with your whole hearts! Let us all worship the only true God—God Who so loved us as to give us His dear Son. I hope," he said, "I shall always make it my point to lead you on to the great cause of the GREAT SPIRIT."

He came forward to receive the Baptism. "Isaac H. Tuttle," (in Ojibway) "Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, etc.?" In a very loud voice, "I renounce them all." "Dost thou believe all the Articles of the Christian Faith, etc.?" "I do." And to all the questions he spoke out the answers loud and distinctly.

The Service was over. Now comes the struggle. As he walked homeward, he met a Grand Medicine man, who told him how foolish he was to cut his hair locks, and become a Christian man; and how his people would look upon him, and he would lose his influence among his people; and the best thing he could do was to retract his new religion.

Tuttle said to his friend, "Do you see, yonder, those rocks that lie on the hill? Go to them direct, and ask them to give me permission to retract my new religious faith. If they cannot, I shall be more firm and unmoveable to the great work I have engaged in."

He went along towards home, and found his wife alone in the house. He threw himself on the bed. His wife took notice of him that he was restless, that his mind was agitated greatly. Now and then he looked out through the window to see any one coming to see him and laugh at him. He sat down on a chair, holding his head down. At this time she asked her husband, "*Nabunashkong*, do you feel unwell?" (She understood what troubled her husband.) He said not a word. She went near him and said: "*Nabunashkong*, does this little thing—cutting your hair locks—trouble you? O, no. Look back at the war-paths and the hard battles you came through. Surely the battle field you entered for God and for the good of your people ought certainly to make you more brave and firmer for the cause of the GREAT SPIRIT." "Yes, *Newobeek*," as he arose from his chair, "Yes; I will be more brave for God and for His cause"—and wept like a child, and by God's grace overcame his trials.

Early Monday morning, he came over to our house and told us all about his trials, and how the devil came to him to discourage and try him to give up his profession. He laughs at it heartily, and said, that poor, frail woman of his, how she encouraged him.

To tell you of his work, his teachings, advice and counsels, would require a few pages of paper. But I must close by telling you of his sickness and happy death.

In the early part of last Summer he lost a son, fourteen years old. As the child was breathing his last, "My son," he said, "all is right with you. Go on; go on. Very soon I shall follow you. Tell your little sisters who have gone before us, to look for me, and wait for me." About two months after, another son, eighteen years old, was taken sick—a most promising young man, who was then preparing for Missionary work. During the sickness of the young man, I visited him frequently. On one occasion, on the near approach of death, I asked him, "My son, how do you feel as you are tending towards the grave?" Pointing to the picture of our SAVIOUR, near him, he said: "You see that picture of JESUS is very near me. JESUS is nearer me. I am all ready to go and join my little brother and sisters who have gone before me. Only I feel pity for my poor father. I know he will cry for me." Tuttle said, "No, my son, I will not cry; for JESUS bids you come." The young man died in the Christian big faith of the Palefaces. Here is one Indian witness more for the love of JESUS in his heart.

In the latter part of last November, Tuttle was taken sick with cough, which he contracted through the exposure in hunting.

He was very soon unable to come to Church. I had advised him not to come any more. I had on three occasions held public Services in his house at his request, and visited him on many occasions. In the middle of December he sent for me. I asked him: "Do you know that you will soon leave us?" "I know it well, and it is the will of JESUS. I desire nothing else, but resign myself to the will of my heavenly FATHER." I said: "Tut-

tle, I come here to administer to you the LORD's Supper." "O, that is what I wanted to ask you, yesterday. Will you please put it off till the morrow," he said, "and invite my fellow chiefs and others? I want to say a few words to them all." I did so according to his request. So, the following day, nearly all the chiefs, men and women, came in to participate in their last Communion with their dying Chief. After the Holy Communion, he said: "My brothers, hear a dying request from your unworthy brother. I must soon leave. It is the will of our heavenly FATHER. My advice to you all is, be true, be firm, and be earnest to your calling, and, as long as you are true to our FATHER, fear nothing. Attend to your family prayers, and be punctual to your public Services. Never stay from Public Worship, unless you are sick; and, above all, love God with your hearts. I am going home to the GREAT SPIRIT, and there I shall be waiting for you all. Love our poor Missionary. Assist him to talk to our poor brethren. Again I say to you all, be true to the GREAT SPIRIT. He will bless you and your children. Farewell, farewell to you all."

As he was near dying, he called me again to see him. After short prayers, I turn towards him and ask him: "My friend, how do you feel to-day?" "My brother," he said, "I am sinking. My time is short. Very soon I must leave you, to be with my blessed SAVIOUR. Go on, dear brother, go on with your work. God bless you! I love JESUS, and JESUS loves me, and is very precious to my soul. My time is short. I have finished my course. God be praised that ever He turned my poor heart to love Him. I love to go home. God's will be done!" He said again: "No pain and no death can separate me from the love of JESUS."

These were his last words to my hearing. I was then taken sick suddenly, and for nearly two weeks was unable to get about. At his last hours I was not present.

Here, then, is another big Indian witness for the love of JESUS.

Poor Tuttle! For many years he was expecting to go to that beautiful Hunting Ground: he work, fought, and live for it. But of late, or before he died (strange to say, and contrary to the thought of many Christian Palefaces), he said, "I love JESUS, and JESUS loves me." His humble house was a house of prayer. He loved to speak about the GREAT SPIRIT, and the love of the SAVIOUR. I am lonely, lonely. I feel sick at heart. I miss him greatly. I feel homeless like. O, let my last end be like his!

I know, my dear brother, that you will be able to understand the above, as you feel a deep interest for your Red brothers, more particularly for those who have turned their hearts to the GREAT SPIRIT. Tell the Palefaces, then, who have their doubts of an Indian becoming truly Christian, that Indian can love JESUS with all his heart and can be happy as well as any of your Palefaces who love JESUS.

J. J. ENMEGAHBOWH,

O GOD,

WHOSE DAYS ARE WITHOUT END,

AND WHOSE MERCIES CANNOT BE NUMBERED ;

MAKE US, WE BESEECH THEE, DEEPLY SENSIBLE

OF THE SHORTNESS AND UNCERTAINTY

OF HUMAN LIFE ;

AND LET THY HOLY SPIRIT LEAD US

THROUGH THIS VALE OF MISERY,

IN HOLINESS AND RIGHTEOUSNESS,

ALL THE DAYS OF OUR LIVES :

THAT, WHEN WE SHALL HAVE SERVED THEE IN OUR GENERATION,

WE MAY BE GATHERED UNTO OUR FATHERS,

HAVING THE TESTIMONY OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE ;

IN THE COMMUNION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH ;

IN THE CONFIDENCE OF A CERTAIN FAITH ;

IN THE COMFORT OF A REASONABLE, RELIGIOUS, AND HOLY HOPE ;

IN FAVOUR WITH THEE OUR GOD,

AND IN PERFECT CHARITY WITH THE WORLD.

ALL WHICH WE ASK

THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.

AMEN.